The Student Voice
1945-1946

Worcester State
University

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE AT WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

DID YOU FORGET THE RED CROSS LAST MONTH?

The Acorn

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SEND A BUCK Now

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow" — *"The Child Is Father of the Man"*

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Do You Know?

Do you know what took place at Worcester State Teachers College in the May of 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945? Do you know what is going to take place on May 11, 1946, at Worcester State Teachers? When I mention gymnasium,—three to five o'clock, —Dr. Averill,—the haze fades from your mind, the light gleams in your eyes, and you are quick to state—the now-famous Annual Scholarship Tea.

For the past four years, one Saturday in May, hundreds of people have attended our Teas, honoring famous Worcester daughters. I could really "put you on the spot" and ask you, "Whom have we honored at our Teas thus far?" Instead I'll just ask you, "Whom are we going to honor this May?"

You say you want a hint?

Very well! Worcester Art Museum.

Right! Miss Louisa Dresser is to be our honored guest at this year's Scholarship Tea. All of you know of Miss Dresser's background and avocation, so no lengthy explanation is needed. The following facts will suffice.

Born in Worcester, educated at the Bancroft School, Vassar College, Courtauld Institute, and University of London, Miss Dresser returned to her home city to become a member of the Art Museum staff.

Since 1932, Miss Dresser has been Curator of Decorative Arts. For two and one-half years during the war, she excelled as Acting Director of the Museum, while Director Charles S. Sawyer served with the Armed Forces.

What better choice could be possible! Miss Dresser has displayed her love and devotion to her native city in playing so conspicuous a part in its cultural life. Truly, she serves her city well, and for this, we honor her.

Letters to the Editor

Have you an opinion? Do you have trouble finding an audience for your views? Do you have suggestons or original ideas that you would like the school to know about? In the next edition of the Acorn we are inaugurating a Letters-to-the-Editor column. There will be a box on the table at the bulletin board in which you may place your brain children. In order to show that the letters are written in good faith, please sign them. Signatures will be withheld on request.

"Acorn" Wins Award

At the twenty-second annual contest conducted by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association in New York, March 22nd, the Acorn was awarded third prize in its class of college publications. This is the first year we have been a member of the Association.

Have You Heard?

Thursday, April 4, 1946, is bound to be the most exciting, the most thrilling day in the history of State Teachers College. Peals of laughter and jubilant shouts will ring throughout this great school. Faculty and students alike will acclaim this to be the most memorable day in their lives. This day will be recorded forever in the annals of all the graduating classes for years to come.

And who do you suppose is going to take all the honors for making this the crowning day in the history of S.T.C.? Why, none other than the entire Sophomore Class who, on Thursday, April 4, will present their Sophomore Assembly.

You will see a modern rendition of the classic "Cinderella" written and produced by the very talented Jean Sullivan. The lucky girl who plays the leading role remains in obscurity.

There is not a person in this school who has any idea of the exclusive but "hidden" talent that has come to the fore now that this immortal drama is in production. For the thrill of your life, and the big surprise of the ages, come to our Sophomore Assembly!

(P.S. Come with your teeth all polished. It's funny.)

Contest

Sharpen your wits and your pencils, gather your wittiest remarks and stories and perhaps you will be able to buy yourself that new Easter hat or the latest fad in ties, for all students are invited to enter our Humorous Story Contest. All entries must be original, of course, and should be from 500 to 800 words in length. The contest is under the sponsorship of the Acorn. The prize will be the publication of the winning story in the next edition of the Acorn and a crisp new five-dollar bill. Time is short, so get your contribution in soon. The deadline is April 15.

Sub-Freshman Day To Be April 5

Sub-freshman day will be observed at our college on April fifth, when juniors and seniors from the high schools will be the guests of our students. The guests will attend regular classes throughout the morning, and in the afternoon will enjoy a program in the auditorium. Lunch will be served in the cafeteria.

If you intend to bring a guest, please leave with Miss James, your name, your guest's name, and the high school from which she has come.

Let's get started early with our invitations!

"The only thing he can keep in his head for more than a day is his cold."

PARENT-STUDENT TEA

Miss Joan T. Smith, senior class president, poured tea for Mrs. Patrick F. Kane at the first Parent-Student Tea of W.S.T.C. Geraldine M. Kane, social chairman of the junior class, assisted in serving.

"The Girl Who Made Milwaukee Famous"

By Margaret Barsam

"Shall I take your bag, ma'm?" I was to hear that question at least two dozen times before I reached the big city. This was the windy city, the stockyard city that got into the news when the winds blew in the right direction, the city of skyscrapers and museums, and tiny sandwich shops on side streets where busy shoppers could collapse into soft leather seats and enjoy the smell of freshly roasted coffee. This was the city where thousands thronged to the museums, planetarium, and aquarium. This was the city where citizens opened their arms and welcomed servicemen to their hearts; and to show their appreciation of the work of the armed forces, they erected four living symbols of their gratitude—massive servicemen centers. Yes, Chicago is truly the serviceman's haven.

This was to be the first stop of my one-week jaunt westward. The train puffed and chugged. At last we were on our way! I sank back into the deeply cushioned seat and closed my eyes, trying to visualize what it would be like. This reverie was soon boldly interrupted by someone's tapping me lightly on the shoulder. It was the little old lady who was sitting across the aisle, and who, I noticed, had been watching me intently. "Of course," I thought, "it must be the flowers!" A huge beautiful corsage (compliments of the Senior Class) was pinned very precipitously on my dress and these flowers had attracted much attention both at Union Station and now on the train! This well-meaning female wanted to know if I were an English bride on my way to meet my husband! "My goodness," I said to myself, "do I look that old?" I assured her that at the present time I was far from having any matrimonial ties.

My next object of concentration was centered on the problem of upper berths. Never having traveled by pullman before, I could not, by any stretch of the imagination, discover how a berth could be evolved out of that small "pocket" on the wall near the ceiling. You can imagine the fascination with which I watched mattresses, blankets, and pillows all come out of that small space. For the sake of those who have never traveled by pullman, let me venture to comment that there is absolutely nothing like undressing in a berth. I won't go into details to tell you how many times I forgot I was in a berth and consequently banged my head on the ceiling, which was very hard!

Saturday morning we arrived in Chicago at 9:45 A.M., and I was happy to find that I had an extra hour to spend there because we had passed the time zone. I was anxious to see this famous city and started off with a map and a list of the more important places I wanted to visit. I was impressed by the vastness of Chicago. The sidewalks were yards wide, and the streets were so wide that the lights would change before a person crossed from one side of the street to the other. Once I started across a street (I actually dared to) and found myself stranded in the path of onrushing trucks and busses. I found out in a hurry that Chicagoans don't tolerate jaywalkers either. One taxi driver who has been to Worcester, remarked that he had never seen, in all his traveling, a city like Worcester, for jaywalking. (attention Police Dept.)

Strolling down Michigan Avenue gives a visitor the impression that Chicago is really a New York,—spread out. The buildings are laid out in leisurely fashion with acres of parks and open spaces in between. The section around State Street is a virtual shopper's paradise. I have never seen so many jewelry stores concentrated in one spot. The theatrical section is a mass of glittering lights at night for, here also, the theatres are concentrated—in this case on Randolph Street. New York might have its Times Square, Boston its Tremont and Boylston, but Chicago has its Madison and State —what traffic! Some of the more interesting places in Chicago are the

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

Glee Club Concert

The annual concert of the Glee Club will be held in our auditorium, Thursday, May 16th. The club, under the direction of Grace A. Kendrick, will have as some of the selections:

'Goin' Home, an arrangement by Largo from New World Symphony —*Dvorak*; Were You There, *Negro Spiritual*; Hark! The Vesper Hymn, *Arranged by Marmey*; How Breaks the Dawn, *Saint-Saens*; It's a Grand Night for Singing, *Rodgers*; Old King Cole, *Forsyth*; Serenade, *Romberg*; Arkansas Traveler, *Arranged by Delaney*.

Solists—Ruth Tucker, '46, Eleanor Moosey, '46.

Accompanists—Rosemary Biron, '49, Ruth Tucker, '46.

The guest artist will be announced at a later date.

Officers of the Club are: Ruth Tucker, '46, President; Alma Marshall, '46, Vice-President; Mary Bryson, '47, Secretary-Treasurer; Rosemary Biron, '49, Librarian.

New Books at the Library

Many new and interesting books have been recently added to the library. Why not browse around in your "spare" time?

FICTION

Captain from Castile, Shellabarger; Immortal Wife, Stone; The Ballad and the Source Lehman; A Lion is in the Streets, Langley; Great Son, Ferber; Nine Mile Bridge, Hamlin; Earth and High Heaven, Graham; The Green Years, Cronin.

NON-FICTION

The Basis of Soviet Strength, Cressey; The Age of Jackson, Schlesinger; The Pattern of Soviet Power, Snow; America's Role in World Economy, Hansen; Fury in the Earth, Kroll; Report on the Russians, White; My Twenty Five Years in China, Powell; What to Do with Japan, Fleisher; Samuel Johnson, Knutch; Atomic Energy for Military Purposes, Smyth; The Bible and the Common Reader, Chase; Poems of World War II, McGovern.

To Be, or Not To Be–

Tolerant, that is the question. Everyone from the third grade geography class up to the porch discussions at the Old Ladies Home is debating this question and trying to find new ways of being tolerant. And in the midst of it all we miss the crying need of our day. Not tolerance, but understanding.

We tolerate things like the measles, but we don't like them. Usually we tolerate only those things we can't get rid of like mosquitoes, and homework, and head colds, and father's relatives whom we can't stand.

The nations of the world probably wouldn't like to be classed with this motley array of disagreeables, but that is exactly the impression all this fervent discussion of tolerance and new variations on the theme gives.

Rather than treating people whose customs we don't understand like the small boy whom we pat on the head and smile at with the idea "boys will be boys" even if they are hard to put up with at times, let us forget tolerance and strive for understanding. Then only can we achieve all the noble ends we so glibly talk about.

For God and Country

We have just emerged from the greatest war known to mankind. To those who have made preservation of the American "Way of Life" possible, we owe eternal gratitude. It is the duty of the teachers of today and tomorrow to uphold what those men fought for, in order that their sacrifice be not wasted.

The danger is not one which we may easily point out. It has an insidious growth which perseveres always. The threat is so commonplace we scarcely notice it, but it is with us continuously. Our everyday lives afford a vast transmission belt for the relaying of un-American propaganda. Our schools, plays, movies, radios, newspapers, and books serve as mouthpieces for deceitful information.

In recent years, our Democracy has been endangered by a tightening of centralized control. More and more of our industries and corporations are owned and operated by a very few people. And why? Because money talks!

We must always be on the alert. Why should we allow ourselves to be sold a "bill of goods" we don't believe in? The un-American Activities Committee is in danger of being disbanded now, at a time when we need it most. Many people, including J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, feel that juvenile delinquency is on the increase because of this treacherous, underground movement.

It is safe to say that our schools are the last stronghold of democracy. It is the job of the teachers to be the guardians of youth, the guardians of knowledge. It is their task to keep the schools free from propaganda and prejudice. Let's not let our last chance "go by the boards!"

Marriages are made in heaven, but they are lived on earth.

Education On The Air

A new experiment called "The Massachusetts Plan" is offering professional improvement courses over the air for teachers. The need for courses of this type is evident to teachers in remote sections of the state; they have often been denied salary increases because of their inability to take courses offered far from their own locality.

Let us see how this plan works. "Our Foreign Policy", a program in which all government agencies which are engaged in formulating and administering our international policy take part in public discussions, is presented by the NBC University of the Air. Supplementary broadcasts feature views of a noted authority on some phase of the questions discussed by the panel. A teacher may register with the Massachusetts Division of University Extension. A copy of the script used on the program and a bibliography of pertinent books and magazines are sent to the applicant after each broadcast. During the year the teacher submits four written reports on reference material and two summaries of at least ten broadcasts each. At the end of the course, the teacher takes a supervised examination under the direction of her local librarian. The cooperative librarian forwards the paper to Boston for grading. Two hours of credit are given for successful completion of the course.

The Massachusetts Division of University Extension has been offering radio courses since 1923 in the fields of music, art, French, literature, journalism, psychology, and business.

This new plan may be the beginning of a new spirit of cooperation between the radio and teaching professions.

Miss Marjorie Inman, prominent Worcester resident, and widely known doll collector, recently paid State Teachers College a visit as guest lecturer. Miss Inman gave the student body an entertaining and highly informative talk concerning customs of many foreign countries. Each country was represented by a doll in Miss Inman's collection. An informal inspection of the colorful dolls followed. Three cheers for the Assembly Committee for the interesting program they have given us!

Mr. Gordon Reynolds, state director of art, will speak at our assembly on Tuesday, April 2. Mr. Reynolds has recently returned from service with the Red Cross in Europe.

JUST FOR FUN

Dr. I. Q. recently asked a woman on his NBC program to name six countries beginning with the letter "I". The contestant could name only Iran, Iraq, India, and Italy—then her time was up.

"Your name, please?" the announcer asked.

She said, "Mrs. Iceland."

Veterans' Letter

To the Faculty and Students:

We, the veterans, have decided that the time has come to express our feelings towards our new "home," if we may call it that. We may say that home is a place where one feels welcome and contented, and we believe this school is just that with its pleasant atmosphere, friendly people, and educational values. We are all grateful for the privilege that has been bestowed upon us, and we feel that without this, we might all be lost once again without a destiny.

Perhaps we didn't realize the opportunity that was in our reach at first, but, in steady company with the faculty and students, we soon accomplished the truth. For most of us, further education was a dream which materialized with the help of the faculty and state department.

The kindness and the perpetual cooperation that we have received here gives us a higher perspective of life, and we feel we are much more fortunate than are the other veterans who are attending public high schools.

Again, may we say, we are indeed grateful to the faculty and to those students who have shared their teachers and also their friendship with us, in order that we may further our education in the hope of having a destination in life.

With deepest gratitude,

"The Veterans"

I Believe

I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand: that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character, not wealth or power or position, is of supreme worth.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.

I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe that thrift is essential to well-ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

I believe that rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in a USO Broadcast

Hello, Alfred; Goodbye, Bill

(A True Story)

Barbara Tomolonius

Suzanne had wide blue eyes fringed with long graceful lashes, shiny brown hair, and dimples that twinkled in her smooth pink cheeks when she laughed. She was sweet and charming and the envy of many sophisticated ladies who shared not one-tenth of her popularity. Suzanne was three.

This is the story of her first encounter with that peculiar but indisputably fascinating thing, the masculine heart. One lovely Sunday morning in Spring, Suzanne's cousin Elizabeth, aged ten, begged to be allowed to take Suzanne to Sunday School. Suzanne, to whom as yet the delights of church going had not been unfolded, was entranced with the idea; and the two little girls set off gayly, hand in hand.

When they arrived at the church, Suzanne was turned over to the teacher of the baby class; and the visitor prepared herself for an enjoyable morning.

She had hardly seated herself and folded her hands properly when her attention was distracted by the entrance of two small boys, Bill and John. Bill sat down in the vacant pint-sized chair beside Suzanne. John, heading like a homing pigeon for the back row and finding himself suddenly alone, called to Bill with a shocking lack of decorum, "Hey, ain't you comin' back to sit with me?"

Bill looked at Suzanne and then at John.

"Nope," he said.

Suzanne returned home with the light of conquest in her eyes. When the next Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, she was up and impatient to be dressed before Elizabeth was due to arrive. Her mother watched for her when it was time for the class to be over and smiled contentedly when she saw her small daughter come skipping up the walk in the best of spirits.

"Well, darling, did you have a good time?"

Suzanne nodded happily.

"I know," said her father coming out of the dining room. "Bill sat beside her again this morning." And he winked broadly at Suzanne's mother.

"Was Bill there, dear?" she asked.

"No," said Suzanne with a sigh.

Her mother and father exchanged amused glances.

"No," repeated the little girl, batting her eyelashes beguilingly, "but Alfred was!"

Suzanne's father laughed and made a mental note to tell that to the boys at the office, but her mother became rather pensive.

"Baby's growing up," she sighed to herself.

A counter irritant is a woman who shops all day and doesn't buy anything.

"Sorry! No Can Do"

That sentiment dogged us for almost twelve hours. You probably saw Scene I on the front page of the Worcester *Telegram*. That was only the beginning.

I'm talking about the glamorous bevy of beauties who were aiming for North Conway looking for snow and ice but who posed for a candid newspaper shot in the midst of a record-breaking pile of snow at Salem Square, Worcester. No, we weren't mentally deficient—that precipitation was entirely unexpected and nearly put a finis to all our carefully-laid transportation plans.

We North Conwayites, for weeks preceding January 25, had been held spellbound by thoughts of twirls on skates and tramps through God's glorious carpet, and to get our fill of this heaven we had planned to leave extremely early Friday morning. But that memorable storm foiled us. Regularly scheduled train and bus runs throughout New England were cancelled. Every bus line we called echoed, "Sorry! No Can Do!" We thought we would have to spend an exciting weekend in the snow-bound wilds of Harrington Corner.

However, we did take our chartered bus to Boston and edged ourselves down in the Greyhound Terminal hoping against hope that we would be able to charter a special bus directly to Russell's. After a little pressure on the managers, undoubtedly through heavenly intercession due to the frequent ecstatic prayer meetings conducted by Reverend Reeves and Sister Logan, Satan was thrust back into the lower regions, and we did get our bus.

It was an exciting ride. We sang, choked on our box lunches, serenaded some more, drove independently of the bus driver, and interspersed all this with more prayer meetings. I think we all enjoyed it much more than the train ride last year.

We pulled into Kearsarge late, tired, a little chilly, but excited and very thankful that we arrived there at all. Some of us went skating, and some of us had fun in the recreation hall; but practically all of us retired comparatively early that night. We wanted to store up every bit of energy we could for the next two days.

Will you forget that figure eight you tried? It ended up with an unexpected exclamation point on the ice! Can you forget Miss Stafford's crouching for hours waiting for the sun to peep out so she could take kodakchrome movies—Sylvia's giggle — cracker-crumbs where they shouldn't be—the "Eastern Slopes Inn"—swooping downhill on skiis—the thrilling ride on the skimobile—the dances, "etc." at Russell's and at Intervale—afternoon tea—oh, all those wonderful things you crammed into an all-too-short stay. Oh yes, all this and heaven too.

Well, dreams aren't any fun unless they can be compared to reality once in a while, so Sunday night had to come and with it the end of this year's fun at Russell's.

Maureen M. Warner

Life of a Book Worm

Pardon me if I seem a bit incoherent, but all this sudden activity has upset me. A peaceful worm like myself, who lives between the covers of so august a volume as Beard's *Economic Interpretation of History,* is no inconsiderable character in the worm world. But alas, my industrious and scholastic labors have been most rudely interrupted these last few days.

The S.T.C. library is no longer a safe and sound residence for a respectable book worm. At very most I could expect only a casual disturbance once or twice a year by hurried Sophomores who flipped through the pages of my residence without so much as disturbing the sensitive hairs on my noble brow; but now, alas, my peace is shattered.

Just yesterday, a veteran held open the book so long the light quite ruined my eyes; and I've had to keep them shut all day. And just this morning after Miss Fitch put me on the reserve shelf, four students raced through the pages of my domicile so quickly I was nearly blown out into that inferior tenement, Chitwood's *Epic of America.*

But the climax came this noon when two students nearly mortified me to death by putting pencil marks beside my favorite passage and quite smothering me by stuffing notes into the middle of the book.

If the housing problem gets much worse, I shall apply to the Bookworm O. P. A. (Office of Peaceful Annals) for a new house. These students certainly are a bother to us bookworms. I agree with Hitler; they should be eliminated.

Questionable Quotes

A certain Economics professor announced emphatically his topic to his sleeping Juniors:

"Soil, Conservation, and Reclamation!"

No one stirred, so to impress its importance he reiterated:

"Soil, *Conversation,* and Reclamation!"

The response was quite emphatic.

* * *

Three-fourths of the way through Ancient History Course a petite Junior asked Mr. Jones: "Could you please tell me what you mean by the abbreviation A. H?"

* * *

A male faculty member, getting real jivy, said to his class, "Come on now, get HIP to things!"

* * *

After being told to criticize a hypothetical plan for Student Guidance, a naive lass remarked:

"Say, you know that PATHETIC Plan really has possibilities!"

* * *

Dr. Shaw to Al Barrios, who rushed into Geog. class late: "You were never late when you were single, Mr. Barrios. What's the trouble?"

Barrios: "I have more homework now."

* * *

Returning from the library with a book, Al Barrios announced, "Well, I'm back in a flash with the trash."

Spring!!! And with the first signs of this favorite season comes the desire to get away from things. These students are no exception to the general urge!

Schoolroom in Spring

Sunlight streaks the floor
In cross word pattern puzzles in the dust.
Bare legs, bleached by winter
Twine fretfully around the unmoved chair.
The steady hum of traffic
Fast and free
Creeps tantalizingly around the drawn window shades.

It is spring in a school room.
It is unstifled in spite of books.
It defies the united front of pedagogy.

Lessons breed queer visions
Of distant hills and still distant goals
Enshrined somewhere in the scented air outside the window.
Pencils get stranded in mid air
Or doodle hopelessly on the edge of term papers,
Sticky with spring.

It comes unannounced to the school room
To play a game of intellectual
Havoc.

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Spring

Spring at Worcester State Teachers College means one thing—the campus has come to life. This year the 50 acre campus abounds with the activity of not only the regular students and faculty but an additional 266 students in the Veterans Educational Center, established last Fall at the College and the 54 members of the University Extension Courses which meet two afternoons and evenings a week.

All groups are interested in the completion of the two permanent-surfaced tennis courts at the rear of the college building. It seems the steel fence brought over from the former college building on Normal Hill had to be supplemented by more steel fencing and a gate, unavailable during the war when construction was delayed. The courts are expected to be ready for use very shortly.

Leading down to the tennis courts are wide stone steps, a popular spot for student discussions of all sorts. They were built during the Summer of 1944 and used officially for the first time at Class Day Exercises last June. These too are linked to the past by some stone from the old Normal School structure. But from them one may look to the future scene of many lively hot-dog roasts in the fireplace at the edge of the campus pond.

Any noontime during the week, but usually on sunshiny ones, several athletically-minded fellows may be seen swinging a bat and ball on the plaza in front of the tennis courts. The "regulars" are Robert E. O'Leary, Richard N. Boulay, Elias S. Barsoum, Leo J. Charbonneau, George D. Laird, Alfred R. Barrios and Henry Giustas.

Already classes are moving out doors to the tree-shaded lawn of the campus. And speaking of classes, between 40 and 50 courses are being taught in the Veterans' Educational Center. And amidst the multitude of veterans, three women students appear: Miss Helena Snow of 29 Harlow street, Miss Lillian Holmgren of Brookfield, and Mrs. Ruth P. Esper of 1261 Grafton street.

But among the regular students, it's a woman's world, and their favorite spot is the Arabella H. Tucker memorial exedra. Or should we say, the out-of-door bench, seating many persons, nearly semi-circular, with a high solid back? Miss Tucker taught botany and science at the college from 1888 to 1917 and was a graduate of the first class of State Teachers College, then known as the Worcester State Normal School. Hence the stone exedra which is a lovely feature of the campus. Thus the past is linked to the present to make a living campus at STC.

Money can be lost in more ways than won.

Four Cheers!

For—

Mr. Osborne, for his laugh-provoking program.

Dr. Shaw, who found the long way home.

Miss Stafford, who shared the trip with the rest of us.

Barbara Tomolonius and Emmett Fink, for upholding the student I.Q.

Mr. Riordan, whose patience is phenomenal.

Claire Berthiaume, whose attendance record is par excellence!

Our own S.T.C. boys, who are "marching on" educationally.

The Freshmen, who have demonstrated New England thriftiness, by saving money on their dance!

Geraldine Wolcott, who was awarded second prize in the WAAB Talent Discovery Contest.

Mrs. Murphy, our janitress, who manages to smile in spite of her worries.

De Mortuis

She was young and what's more she was the queen. But I murdered her—I killed the queen!

Would you have liked little ones crawling about you, climbing on your lap, staring innocently at you? Not even the fact that she was a queen could quiet my desire to kill. I hate her! So small and innocuous! Bah—she was a pest!

I formulated plans to rid myself of her forever. The next time she would climb on my knee, I would brush her off and crush her little dark head under my foot; I would grind my heel into her eyes. She would never bother me again! I decided to do the same to her little friends when they came to my house for cakes and goodies. How many times I had wanted to rip their limbs from their bodies!

Today I found her in my garden. She was trodding upon my pet roses —my precious, prize-winning, velvety-petaled roses! So I killed her.

They came for her lifeless body. Gently and solemnly, her crushed corpse was borne toward the pine woods. As the cortege passed the hedge, the black-garbed figure in the rear turned sad eyes to me. I broke down and wept.

Frantically I cried, "It was a mistake! Forgive me! I did not mean to do it." But they didn't even turn around.

I would like to place some flowers on her grave, but as yet I haven't discovered the place where they laid the little queen ant down to her eternal rest.

MARCELLA JEDRZYNSKI, F2

Springtime, Rhymetime

An English professor at Bowdoin College, Albert R. Thayer, has upbraided Mother Goose for getting children off on the wrong poetical foot with "perverted grammar, excruciating rhymes, and painful monstrosities." We wonder what Professor Thayer would think of our version of the Mother Goose rhymes.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your yearbook grow?
With tons of work and reams of luck
And worried folks all in a row!

Little Boy Blue, please come get your prints,
The focus is off and everyone squints.
Where's our young gallant whom lucky girls make?
Down in Millbury with a bad headache!

Hot cross buns? Hot cross bun!
If Miss Kittredge hasn't any, life's no fun!

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
Back of the college, to play on the court!
Pussy cat, pussy cat, could you get in?
No, it's all locked up tight as a fort!

To market, to market, to buy nice butter
Home again, with it, all in a flutter!
To market, to market to buy some nylons
Home again, oh, well, let bygones be bygones!

We like Mr. Boutwell, he's always so good.
He sands icy sidewalks as good janitors should.
So we'll not drop our ink or our butts on the floor,
But like ladies and gents use the pail at the door.

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son Paul,
Left his books on the bench in the hall;
One book here, and one book there,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, please take care!

I had a little fountain pen
'Twas spotted black and white;
I liked it, oh so very much,
For nicely it did write .
I lent it to a borrower,
Who met me in the hall.
And now my little handy pal
Won't work for me at all!

Once a young freshman
Had many a book;
She'd take them all home
To give them "a look".
She'd bring them all back
Without "looking" at all.
What happened to freshie?
She had a great fall!

Sing a song of Seniors
Whose humor's never dry.
Five and fifteen of them
And not a one that's shy!
When they go a teaching,
The fun will then begin.
For they know all the answers
Their pupils' hearts to win!

There was a returned vet driving his motor
Fourteen times as fast as he should;
Where he was going the May Street cop asked him,
Since then Eli tries hard to be good.

Goosey goosey gander, where dost thou wander?
Down to the lounge to waste more precious time?
Why not take the high road to our library
To do your lessons and get thoughts sublime?

Bob O'Leary's gone to see
If more letters came for thee;
He'll come back to you and me
After his geography.

Hum! Hum!
The buses do come
Bringing the students so bright.
With lessons done
And full of fun
Ready to work wtih their might.

There was a young girl that did try
To make every man she did spy,
But she frightened them so
That away they'd all go
To girls on whom they could rely!

Club News

CERCLE FRANCAIS

The meetings of the second semester have been conducted by our president Barbara Tomolonius, who has returned after teaching French in Leicester High School. We were happy, also, to welcome Leo Charbonneau, one of our former members who has been in the service.

These past meetings have caused the members of Le Cercle Francais to be conscious of France's part in the world conflict and of our part in aiding France to return to her former status.

Movies such as "Men of the Maquis" and "Four Years of Summing Up" gave vivid pictures of the burden France has had to bear. Leo Charbonneau related first hand impressions of North Africa and the people in that area. A fascinating and interesting report on "Les Silences de la Mer" by Vercors was given by Mlle. McKelligett. This book gives a vivid picture of the battle won by the French people through their passive resistance. Their silence was an exasperation to the enemy.

To do its bit for France's cause, Le Cercle Francais has planned to adopt an orphan, a little girl. Once a month a box of food and one of clothing will be sent directly to the child; in return for which the club will receive letters telling of the child's daily life.

Plans are also being formulated for the traditional banquet which culminates the year's activities.

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club has had an active season with still many surprises to come. The club has held debates or discussions with Fitchburg State Teachers, Holy Cross, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and Our Lady of the Elms.

Return debates are scheduled with Worcester Tech for March 28, with Holy Cross for April 3, and with Our Lady of the Elms for April 5. All students are invited to attend any or all of these debates.

The annual trip to Boston is planned for Friday April 12. All the students of the college are invited to come. This year the club plans to see Henry V starring Lawrence Olivier. Further details will be given in assembly soon.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club presented its annual play on February fifteenth with gratifying success. The play was "Letters to Lucerne" by Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent, and dealt with the problems confronting a group of young women in a Swiss boarding school at the outbreak of the war. The interest depended not so much on action as on the interplay of personalities and emotional conflict, and, in this respect, it was the most serious play that the club has done for some time.

The feminine parts were played with spirit and finesse by Maureen Warner, Patricia Doyle, Mary McDonnell, Patricia Hehir, Barbara Tomolonius, Sylvia Badrigian, June Higgins, and Mary Gagnon, while the masculine element was pleasantly supplied by Emmet Fink, Robert O'Leary, Eli Barsoum, and Alfred Barrios.

Barbara Looney, who suddenly became ill, was replaced at a few hours' notice by her sister Eleanor (Class of '44). A former member of the Dramatic Club, Eleanor utilized her dramatic training to give a flawless performance, which was warmly appreciated by both the cast and the enthusiastic audience.

Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell directed the play.

GEOGRAPHY CLUB

Pan-American Day, always a high spot in the activities of the Geography Club, holds even greater promise this year. The program will consist of oratory, music with a Latin American tinge, and an ostentatious display which is guaranteed to put you in the mood. The oratory will consist of four speakers: Dorothy Dunn and Sylvia Badrigian, sophomores; Elaine McDonough, junior; and Mary Reeves, senior. Each of the girls will give a biographical sketch of a famous Latin American personality. The program will be spiced with appropriate music, colorful costumes, and a grand display.

The club will terminate its activities for the year by utilizing the educational advantages which a trip to Babson Institute promises.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

During the past few months, the International Relations Club has had many interesting and enjoyable meetings.

At one meeting Dr. Winslow told of the effect which the atomic theory would have on the future.

At another meeting several fine present-day Chinese authors and their works were discussed. Many delightful and instructive facts were brought out concerning festivals and holidays celebrated by the Chinese.

Nationalist China versus Communist China was the topic of another discussion. Both sides of the topic were well presented.

LITERARY CLUB

The recent meetings of the Literary Club have been concerned with diversified topics. At the February meeting an amusing Literary Quiz was conducted by Marie Hammond, Betty Army, and Rose Rita Ahern. A game which emphasized imagination in detecting titles of current best sellers was presented by Norma Gardner and Jean Sullivan.

At another meeting Jean Rupp reviewed *The Black Rose*, by Thomas B. Costain. Ester Forbes's *Johnny Tremain* was given by Eileen O'Leary; and Alma Marshall discussed the best seller, *The Gauntlet*, by James Street.

The club is planning another trip to the Wayside Inn for the final meeting of the year. The trip will be open to other students as well as club members.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club will play host to a committee of ten who represent the New England Federation of Newman Clubs at its monthly meeting on April 9. Plans have been formulated to show a movie of the Mass. An old-fashioned church supper in the cafeteria will be served following the movie.

After supper the Club will be addressed by the Committee who will report on the activities of New England Newman Clubs. Ideas will be exchanged with our club in an effort to make the Newman Clubs of New England more active than ever before.

The members of the committee are students from the various colleges in and around New England. During the past months they have been attending meetings of several Newman Clubs in preview to the annual Federation Conference to be held in Boston during the week of April 22nd.

The following S.T.C. students are on the committee for the April meeting: 1. Maureen Warner—Chairman, 2. Phyllis Boucher, 3. Patricia Hehir, 4. Marie Hammond.

Plans are also in the making for the annual communion breakfast which will be held in conjunction with the Newman Club at Mass State in Amherst.

"Quotes From the Classroom"

The woes of the young apprentice, green in the field of expounding knowledge to bewildering offspring of society, are numerous and perplexing. However, we Jr. Elementaries have managed to find a few of the "good old laughs we used to have at S.T.C.," through some of the brilliant answers, comments, questions, and actions of our young protegees. For example—

After discussing Safety (the topic of one of our fellow sufferer's Unit) for quite some time, one dear student remarked, "Gee, Miss Mc.——, this is getting kind of corny. Let's start talking about something else!"

Miss R. had just asked her quizz kids where they could go to look for information on a certain subject. One brain child brightly raised his hand and in all seriousness said, "We could write in and ask the 'Answer Man' on the radio!" Who knows? Maybe radio will soon take the place of the classroom.

A reading class was in progress in one of the towns, and one first grader insisted on making the comment, "Huh, that's a good one!" (in an "I don't believe you anyway" tone of voice) to everything the apprentice said. After talking about the book *One Foot In Heaven* one child went home to Mother and said, "Today we talked about *Twelve Inches In Heaven!*"

Thanks!

We wish to thank the following typists who have been very faithful: Phyllis Rawding, Clara Saunders, Mary Londergan, Mary McDonnell, and Leo Charbonneau.

Hail, Veterans! Hail!
It's great to see
Some men in our proximity;
And though you give us not a look,
Because each nose is in a book,
We're still as proud as we can be
You're being "refreshed" at S.T.C.

What Is Your P. Q.? (Personality Quotient)

Ask, answer and score yourself. Each "yes" answer counts 5. If your total score is under 70, you'd better get to work on yourself; if 70 to 90, you'd still better perk up; if over 90, you'd better go back and start over. You've probably made a mistake somewhere!

—Published by *Scholastic*

For Boys

— 1. Do you like to meet new people?
— 2. Do you often start the game or conversation without waiting for someone else?
— 3. When a girl drops a pencil or a book, do you pick it up for her?
— 4. Do other boys cultivate your friendship?
— 5. Can you carry on a lively conversation without talking about yourself?
— 6. Do you make "a clean start" from home to school in the morning?
— 7. Can you stand up and speak to a group of people without feeling all hands and shaky knees?
— 8. Do you sit up straight in a chair?
— 9. Are you nervous when you go to a girl's home for the first time?
—10. Does your sense of humor ever come to your rescue?
—11. Do you match or blend colors in clothes?
—12. Could you meet a great person without feeling embarrassed?
—13. Do you talk quietly and easly over the telephone?
—14. Are you as polite to your family as you are to outsiders?
—15. Can you bridge a gap in conversation without being upset?
—16. Do you rise when older people enter the room?
—17. Are you table manners correct?
—18. Can you introduce people without being awkward or confused?
—19. Do you look at the person to whom you're speaking?
—20. Do you feel that you know the right thing to do at a social occasion?

For Girls

— 1. Are you as popular as you would like to be?
— 2. Are you as careful when you dress for school as when you dress for a date?
— 3. Can you go into a room full of strangers without feeling self-conscious?
— 4. Are you a good "listener"?
— 5. Do you feel "in place" at a dress-up affair?
— 6. If someone makes a social blunder, can you smooth things over?
— 7. Does a boy who asks you for a first date ask you again?
— 8. Do you use the same manners at home and abroad?
— 9. Can you bring out a quiet person and make him talk?
—10. Do you keep your voice well-modulated?
—11. Can you accept a compliment without blushing furiously?
—12. Do you walk with your head on your shoulders?
—13. Do you avoid criticising others adversely?
—14. Do you wear colors that do something for you?
—15. Can you introduce a visitor to a group of persons easily?
—16. Do you apologize when you're wrong?
—17. Do you sit down gracefully?
—18. Can you express thanks graciously without being gushy or repetitious?
—19. Can you cooperate with a group of people?
—20. Are you always "on time"?

"THE GIRL WHO MADE MIILWAUKEE FAMOUS"

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)

Planetariam, Shedd's Acquariam, and Field's Museum. The Art Institute is one of the most famous in this country. Unfortunately, I didn't take time out to visit this spot because of aching feet (apologies to Miss Shaw). Before I move on to Milwaukee, let me make one comment! Don't ever ask a Chicagoan how to find any place in Chicago.

I spent two hours trying to locate my hotel, and during that time I was within two blocks of same hotel, thanks to some very informed people.

Sunday afternoon I arrived in Milwaukee, a city that sends two taxicabs to meet its trains at the station. In a few minutes I was off to see Milwaukee. This city has innumerable beautiful structures; nevertheless, the city itself did not appear attractive to me. Possibly this was due to the fact that the city had just experienced the worst snow storm in its history. To give you some idea of how advanced they are in modernizing their city, in comparison with ours, take note of massive. Our Memorial Auditorium resembles their Police Headquarters. The newspapers and radio stations are located in separate, beautiful structures. Banks, civic buildings, clubs, and societies are individual buildings and are not housed in office buildings such as ours are. As far as entertainment facilities are concerned, they are far in advance of Worcester.

No, I didn't see the factories where the famous beer is made, but I did learn that no one knows what a "coke" is in Milwaukee. You see, in Milwaukee, in order to secure a "coke", you must refer to it as a "beer". Ah! Traveling is so enlightening!

P.S. I would like to give Maureen M. Warner the credit for coining the above expression used for the title.

The older generation thought nothing of getting up at five in the morning. . . . The younger generation doesn't think much of it either.

Some people have heads like doorknobs . . . . Anybody can turn them.

SOPHOMORE MAY DANCE MAY 3

The Acorn

GLEE CLUB CONCERT MAY 16

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume IV | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Massachusetts, Thursday, May 3, 1946 | Number 3

WELCOME ALUMNI!

Fifth Annual Scholarship Tea To Have An Innovation

Divided Program to Facilitate The Serving of Large Gathering

The College's guest of honor at the Scholarship Tea on May 11 will be Miss Louisa Dresser, Curator of Decorative Arts at the Worcester Art Museum. Plans are now completed to make this annual affair one of the most interesting and attractive of all Scholarship Teas. An innovation this year will be the breaking up of the program into two parts, the first to take place in the auditorium at 3:00, and the second to follow subsequently in the gymnasium.

Included in the program in the auditorium, at which President Carpenter will preside, will be greetings from Mayor Sullivan, representing the City of Worcester; from Mr. Charles H. Sawyer, representing the Worcester Art Museum; and from Miss Dorothy M. Fancy, representing the scholarship students. Mr. Clifford F. Green, organist of the First Unitarian Church, will render two selections on the Alumni organ: *Air and Minuet*, by Handel, and *Andanta Cantabile*, by Widor. Remarks by Miss Dresser, honored guest of the day, will, of course, highlight the program.

Immediately following, the tea and reception will take place in the gymnasium. Decorations will feature the spring motif. Musical background for the tea will be provided by Miss June Scott, '46, violinist, Miss Ruth Tucker, '46, pianist, and Miss Rosemary Biron, '49, pianist. In the receiving line will be President and Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Dresser, and Mr. Sawyer. Pourers at the tables will be Mrs. Alexander Bullock, Mrs. Frank F. Dresser, Miss Esther Forbes, Miss Edith Jones, Mrs. Edmund C. Osborne, Mrs. Thomas F. Power, Miss Elizabeth F. Roche, Mrs. Charles H. Sawyer, Miss G. Eleanor Shaw, and Mrs. George F. Wright.

We are anticipating the Scholarship Tea, and hope at this social affair to greet all alumni and students, as well as the many friends and supporters of the College.

DR. LAWRENCE A. AVERILL

SAVE THE DATE

for the

SCHOLARSHIP TEA

SATURDAY, MAY 11

at 3:00 P.M.

To Be Honored at Scholarship Tea May 11

MISS LOUISA DRESSER

Review of 1945-46 Assembly Programs

At our first meeting last October the Assembly Committee decided to plan a program for the year 1945-1946 around the following program-types:

Worship, Education, Promotion of College Spirit, Culture, and Inspiration and Entertainment. Since our opening exercises include a hymn or responsive reading, a reading from the Bible and the Lord's Prayer, our first objective was assured. We hoped that the last, Entertainment, would form part of some of the programs, so we concentrated on Education, Promotion of College Spirit and Culture and Inspiration. Lectures and programs relating to the war were omitted since returning Veterans were giving first-hand information about it both at home and here at the College. Also we had enjoyed during 1944-'45 a weekly presentation of world affairs in connection with "Worcester and the World", so ably directed by Mr. David M. Harris, of WTAG, under the sponsorship of Mr. George F. Booth. And, too, last October we were happy to turn our thoughts toward peace.

President Carpenter continued his Monday talks. His brief reviews, critiques, and interesting discussions; his reading of an exquisite appreciation of Nature from selected editorials; and very particularly, his readings from the Bible have been

(*Continued on Page 2*)

Miss Roche Greets Alumni

GREETINGS, GRADUATES!

Last September at our reunion it was voted to make Class Day our Alumni Day. This issue of the ACORN affords me an opportunity to heartily welcome all of you to the affair and to sincerely hope that by your presence you will help to make this the biggest and best reunion so far.

Our scholarly bridge was held this year on Saturday, April 13, at Dodge Hall. It was a great success, attributable in large part to the efforts of Edith Van Buskirk, the chairman, and her excellent committee.

We owe a great deal to our school which gave us an excellent opportunity to better ourselves in life and to make lasting friendships. June is reunion time. Let's return to our school and our friends on June 8th at 2:30!

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH F. ROCHE

President of Graduate Association

P.S. Please fill out the printed form on this page and return it as soon as possible, so we can make arrangements for refreshments.

OFFICERS OF GRADUATES ASSOCIATION

Front row, Elizabeth D. Roche; standing, left to right, Edith M. Van Buskirk, Mary C. G. Lyons, and Mary E. Thompson.

President Carpenter Welcomes Alumni to Scholarship Tea and Graduation Exercises

We are happy to send greetings to you through our annual Alumni issue of the ACORN.

At the last meeting of the Graduates' Association it was voted to hold this year's reunion at the college on Class Day, which will be held Saturday, June 8, at 2:30 P.M. Graduation will be held on Sunday, June 9, at 2:30 P.M. We cordially invite all of our graduates to both of these affairs. Please save these dates and plan to be with us.

Our Annual Scholarship Tea, which is to be held this year on Saturday, May 11, from 3:00 to 5:00 P.M., is another opportunity for a get-together. We know you will come again to our most popular social occasion. Your presence has made it the success it has always been. Miss Louisa Dresser, curator of Decorative Arts at the Worcester Art Museum, is to be the guest of honor.

This year has been a very busy one at the college. We are happy to welcome back our boys whose work was interrupted by the war. Twelve boys returned to their studies at mid-years. In addition, we have been giving refresher work for about five hundred veterans who are preparing themselves for higher study under the G. I. bill. The faculty have given much extra time and energy to the instruction of these boys, whose earnestness and efforts have made this task very rewarding to the instructors.

Applications for entrance next September indicate that increasing numbers of young folks are turning toward teaching for their profession. We look forward to a considerably larger enrollment. It is going to take some time for the supply of teachers to catch up with the demand. We are grateful for your graduate scholarships which help two students each year to attend college. All of last year's graduating class were placed before graduation and nearly all of this year's group already have teaching positions for next September.

We shall be looking forward to seeing you at Class Day and Alumni Day on Saturday, June 8th. Do try to attend our gala Scholarship Tea on May 11.

CLINTON E. CARPENTER

President

PLEASE DETACH AND RETURN THIS SECTION

A. I *am* coming to the Reunion on June 8, 1946 .....

B. I enclose one dollar for scholarship and dues .....

A. I am *not* coming to the Reunion on June 8, 1946 .....

B. I enclose one dollar for scholarship and dues .....

Full Name ..... Class of .....

Street and Number .....

City ..... State .....

Make checks payable to:

Miss Mary C. G. Lyons, Treasurer
1 Sturgis Street,
Worcester, Mass.

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Issued by the Students of Worcester State Teachers Cllege

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Kathryn R. O'Donnell.....Faculty Adviser

A Bewildered World Questions

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
"I," said the little sparrow.
"I did it with my little arrow!"

I was once a very beautiful robin. My breast was redder than that of any of the other birds, and my voice was sweeter. I was kind to my friends, and, when summer came, I built my nest carefully and well. My children were well fed and my mate happy.

Why did the sparrow kill me? I'll tell you. He was jealous of my red breast. He thought he could not sing, although his jealousy hid the fact from him that his own voice was as sweet as mine. He envied my well-built nest and my happy mate, even though his own nest was large enough for his family, and his mate was happy with him.

The nations of the world this spring are like birds sitting in a tree quarreling. Some are crows, some are robins, and some are sparrows. The time may come when the nursery rhyme tragedy will be re-enacted and again the question will be asked, "Who killed Cock Robin?"

Before then, we would do well to remember why Cock Robin was killed. And remembering, we shall see more clearly than did the sparrow that our own nest and our own song is sweet and that each one has a place and a duty in the world. Only then can we escape the sorrow and disillusionment that comes when the question is asked of a bewildered world, "Who killed Cock Robin?"

F. E. P. C.

For two years the world has suffered the curse of intolerance in regard to race, creed, color, and nationality. Intolerance has invaded every phase of living, and reecntly it was brought to the fore again with even greater moral violence.

It has become evident in our national life that people have been discriminated against when seeking employment. Many employers refused and are still refusing to hire people of certain races, religions, or nationalities. On June 25, 1941, President Roosevelt, in order to meet the problem of discrimination in industry, which was retarding war production, created the President's Committee of Fair Employment Practice. This Committee was of great value in helping to eliminate discrimination in the employment of war workers.

Many states, recognizing the seriousness of the problem, felt that state F.E.P.C. legislation was necessary since Federal F.E.P.C. could not cover inter-state commerce and would therefore exclude from consideration large numbers of people. A few states, namely New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Wisconsin, introduced F.E.P.C. bills, which were passed.

As far as Massachusetts is concerned, a committee was organized to study the question of discrimination in employment and reported on January 1, 1945, the following:

"It is evident that in many directions there are practices of racial and religious discrimination in employment. Not only is this true in obtaining jobs, but also in promotions and upgrading. We have come to the conclusion that in the public interest we should have some legislation and appropriate machinery to protect those who are discriminated against."

F.E.P.C. Bills were introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature patterned after the Ives-Quinn Bill of New York. These bills were defeated by a very low margin in the legislature.

On January 2, 1946, Governor Tobin introduced another bill into the legislature and strongly urged its passage. The question now arises, what can we do as students to ensure the passage of this bill? A very direct method of stimulating proper action in this regard would be to write, or have your parents write to members of the Legislature from our district, requesting that these representatives of ours use their influence to guarantee the passage of the Governor's bill. If we do this, we shall have done our best to help alleviate intolerance and discrimination in employment practices in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A graduate of

*S*tate
*T*eachers
*C*ollege

*G*rasps a challenging opportunity
*R*adiates vitality
*A*llows for individual differences
*D*evelops initiative in students
*U*nderstands problems of youth
*A*ccentuates the positive
*T*ests himself along with pupils
*E*ncourages the best in everyone

No printed word nor spoken plea
Can teach young hearts what men
should be;
Not all the books on all the shelves,
But what the teachers are, themselves.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Reflections on the Conference

Our representatives brought back from the New York Conference many valuable and interesting facts concerning college life. Some of the points in their discussion, however, we feel, must be modified in order to fit our particular college.

Since our college is strictly a professional one, it seems inexpedient that we should consider the "cut" system here. Teachers are not expected to "cut" their classes just because they do not feel like attending them. The training that we receive now prepares us in all ways for our future positions.

The question of compulsory attendance at assembly is another item about which we feel strongly in a teachers college. The few minutes that we spend in assembly each morning constitute a most beneficial part of our training. Not only do we receive interesting and valuable information from visiting speakers and from our own faculty; but we, ourselves, are given a chance to talk and thus to acquire the skill and poise of public speaking which will be so useful to us in future years. Surely our assemblies are a fine display of democracy at work.

The question of whether or not advice from the faculty is desirable in particular situations was also raised. Their wise understanding and sapient counsel are not to be overlooked in aiding us along our chosen field. The trial and error method of learning is not always the best, for many hours of precious time can be lost while pursuing such a course. Intelliegnt people will learn vicariously from the experience of others.

Renaissance

Spring is the yearly renaissance. It is the rebirth of all that lives, the renewal of dormant hopes. Spring is the bright sunny days when everyone gets a new lease on life.

Spring is the buds bursting on the tree branches, the color flashes of robin and bluebird as the smiling hills echo their songs. Spring is the melting snow patches which have lingered on the shady slopes, the sparkling brook, that freed from its wintry ice prison, goes dancing through the woods and across the meadow. It is the cracking brown earth where little crocus heads peek through.

Spring is the laughing children skating on the walk, the housewife hanging her washing in the clothesyard for the first time since fall. Spring is the postman's cheery whistle as he goes from house to house with seed catalogues and gay spring magazine covers towering above the letters in his mailbag. It is the dogs of the neighborhood frolicking on the lawns that are beginning to weave their new green carpets.

Spring is not just a season but an overflowing well of new hope and new faith from which all may take a refreshing drink.

Review of 1945-46

(*Continued from Page* 1)

greatly appreciated. We shall long remember his reading the day that "Our Boys" returned from the war to take once again their former places in Assembly.

The Faculty, by unanimous vote of the committee, presented on Tuesday throughout the year programs of various types. These programs included talks and original presentations concerning interests or hobbies.

Wednesday was "sing" day, and Miss Kendrick directed us in singing songs, both old and new.

Thursday was Students' Day. Student Week in October gave a chance for everyone to take part in at least one assembly. Special mention must be given to the Seniors for their participation on Friday of that week. Their program was prepared under difficulties arising from their being separated so widely in practice-teaching. Talks were given by Doris Skrivars, Catherine Henigan, Geraldine Wolcott, and Clara Saunders. June Higgins recited a monologue. Musical programs by Rosemarie Biron, Sylvia Hawley, Barbara Shugrue, Jean Gagnon, Barbara Nichols (assisted by her sister), Geraldine Wolcott, Katherine Govin, Phyllis Rawding and June Scott were much enjoyed. Reports from the Inter-Collegiate Conference of the W.A.A., led by Maureen Warner; from the New York Conference, led by Mary Foley; publicity programs for the Scholarship Tea, by the Senior Elementary group; and Bible Readings on Wednesday as well as opening exercises on Thursday completed this part of student participation.

However, at our Friday Assemblies several student "Days" took place: Orientation Day, Mary Foley, President of the Student Council, presiding; Senior Day, donning of Caps and Gowns, Joan Smith, President; Junior Day, Catherine Henigan, President; Sophomore Day, Mary Walsh, President; Pan-American Day, Robert O'Leary, President of the Geography Club, presiding. The Christmas program, announced by Ruth Tucker, was presented by the Glee Club.

The Alumni have been represented by Bernardine O'Gorman Sullican, violinist; Constance Callahan Rourke, Red Cross Clubmobile Service Aid in Hollandia, New Guinea; Jean McCann, Field Director, Girl Scouts; Dolores Magwood, Mistress of the Dance; and Laura Jacobson, soloist.

Special Programs were presented by Mrs. Esther Averill, reading from her new book, "Monologues from the Bible"; Miss Elizabeth Johns, World Student Service; June Fusca, Pianist; Miss Alice Hickey, Lentheric, "A Beauty Curriculum"; Miss Margaret Rhodes, concert pianist; Miss Sarah Marble, "Kindergarten Teaching as a Vocation"; Mr. Gordon E. Reynolds, State Supervisor of Art Education; and Miss Alice Husisian, violinist.

During our regular "long assembly" program on Friday we have been privileged to hear the following:

Slants on College Life in England

(*An Interview with Dr. Earl B. Shaw, Recently Returned from England*)

Student life at Oxford presents a different pattern from that of student life in our own country. The method of selection is similar to the method in our country with this important difference—that screening of students at Oxford is extremely thorough. Those who are chosen are necessarily of the highest academic quality to insure the successful completion of the rugged schedule to which they will be subjected. At least fifty per cent of the undergraduates receive some sort of scholarship, and so financial status plays a minor role in the selection of most students.

Classes are irregular. Each student has a conference, usually once a week, with his tutor. At each conference the tutor suggests lectures which the student should attend and gives references for written work. At nearly every conference with his tutor the student makes a progress report, which is usually written in essay form. The report is sometimes read aloud. The tutor makes suggestions and measures the quality of progress.

Attendance at classes is optional, but an examination, which is given at the end of three years, must be passed if the student is to graduate. The examinations, which extend over a three-week period, are always exceedingly difficult. Each student realizes this and plans his studies accordingly.

If the examination is passed, a bachelor's degree is received. After another three years of study has been spent by the student, a master's degree is automatically awarded. During these three years the student is expected to show definite progress in his chosen field.

On the whole the college student of England is put more on his own responsibility than the college student of America as far as resourcefulness, inventiveness, and assiduous work is concerned. And he does realize the imperative nature of careful class attendance.

Mrs. Dorothy Salter in a talk on New England, illustrated with her own beautiful kodachrome slides; Miss Mabel C. Gage, "China" with personal reminiscences and a film of Modern China; Miss Virginia Chase, Children's Librarian, Worcester Public Library, "Children's Christmas Books"; Mr. Arthur Sullivan, State Director of the Division of the Blind, in a most inspiring talk on his work among the blind children and adults in Massachusetts; Mr. Richard C. Potter, Director of the Natural History Museum, in a talk on Trees, illustrated with slides made by Mr. Potter during his many years of travel throughout the country; Charles and Gay De Land, one of the Hobby-Lobby programs, "Hats"; Mr. Fred Aspinall, "Canaries" with an exhibit of his beautiful birds; Miss Marjorie Inman, "Dolls of Our Allies", from her ex-

(*Continued on Page* 4)

New York Conference

Thursday, March 14, 1946, the four student delegates and two faculty members left Worcester at 7:30 A.M. for New York City, to attend the Eastern States Conference of Professional Schools for Teachers at the Hotel Commodore. Mary Foley, Dorothy Smith, Mary Carroll, and Nancy Curley represented their respective classes. Miss Foster and Miss Barlow accompanied the girls and also participated in the Conference.

Upon arriving in New York, it was necessary to proceed directly to the Conference. Thursday afternoon the panel discussions were under the general title of "The Student in the College." Each girl attended a separate panel discussion. "Student Publications" "Extra-Curricular Activities," "Student Government Problems," and "Curricula Needs and Interests of the Students" were the specific topics under discussion.

That evening we planned to attend the Radio City theatre after eating a delicious dinner at Caruso's. We returned to the hotel after visiting Times Square. By this time we had a very cosmopolitan feeling. We had now been in the city twelve hours and were beginning to realize that we spoke with a "foreign accent."

Bright and early Friday morning we were ready to set out for another day of exciting experiences. (That "bright and early" happens to be true.) Breakfast at the Commodore Hotel began our day in earnest. That day we attended various student panel discussions also. "Teachers and Human Understanding," the title of that day's discussion, was divided into four sections again: "Science and Human Understanding," "Understanding the Russian People," "Understanding Labor-Management Relationships," and "Problems of Racial Prejudices." These titles clearly indicate that the student delegates were interested not only in problems of immediate concern to them but in world problems as well.

Nancy Curley of the Freshman World Affairs class gave many excellent points in the discussion on Russian problems. We think Miss Curley deserves an "A" for that day's lesson. Hear ye, hear ye, Mr. Jones?

All of the students felt they had gained many fine ideas to bring back to Worcester, especially at a time when we were attempting to settle so many of our own problems.

On Friday we had lunch at the Algonquin Hotel where all the interesting literary and stage people of the city eat. The atmosphere was fascinating to us.

Friday afternoon we attended a lecture at the Conference by Dr. Shuster, President of Hunter College. After hearing him we realized how much foreign students need our aid.

It had rained steadily all day, but toward late afternoon the rain ceased and we were unable to take the ferry boat ride we had planned. We boarded the ferry for Staten Island and were elated to see the Statue of Liberty and the New York skyline.

Back on the mainland, we proceeded to St. Paul's Church, the only building which turns its back on Broadway. Here we saw the pew of Washington in which he prayed after his New York Inaugural.

Friday night we went to the "King of the Sea" restaurant where we met a few friends from Boston. If you are interested in this experience, I am sure any one of us will tell you about it.

That evening we attended "Harvey," the Pulitzer Prize Play with Frank Fay. I am sure if you ask Mary Carroll, she will tell you all about the play. She was so interested in it. After the play I shall merely say that we absorbed more of the atmosphere. But wait, I almost forgot. That night we met HIM! Yes, we really did. He cannot be described with words, and neither can our feeling toward him. It was a shame we only had one more day. Life is so cruel.

Saturday we breakfasted at Childs'. Dorothy soloed to New Jersey and the rest of us saw Radio City, Fifth Avenue, and all. Nancy's friend and Jerry came up to see us. St. Patrick's Day Parade, shopping at Gimbel's and Sak's, and supper at the Hearthstone provided more thrills. Then we saw "The Glass Menagerie," and that certain party again—this time he had a friend. More fun!

Sunday morning, March 17, St. Patrick's day, we attended Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. That morning we rode the Fifth Avenue bus and Mary Foley went to visit friends.

All too soon came the time to go home. This city which had given us so many fascinating, exciting, pleasant, and profitable experiences had to be left behind. But we have our memories.

MARY FOLEY

May Queen

BARBARA TOMOLONIUS

Miss Barbara Tomolonius, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kosti Tomolonius of 2 Englewood Ave. will be crowned May queen at the May Dance, Friday evening, May 3rd.

Save the Date!
for the
Glee Club Concert
Thursday, May 16, 1946
at 8:15 P.M.

THE ACORN STAFF

Front row, left to right: Phyllis Rawding, Mary Reeves, Rose Ahearn, Emmett Fink, Eleanor Moosey, Eileen Bouvier, and Clara Saunders.

Ode to Posterity

I wish I were a little mouse
And lived upon the moon
And didn't know my Physics test
Was coming up so soon.

I'd eat up all the cheese thereon
And never be specific
Or think my occupation there
Was most unscientific.

I wouldn't care for gravity
Or accelerated motion
I'd never check velocity
Unless I took the notion.

But alas, alack, I needs must be
A prosecuted human
Who dreads his Physics every day
And laments his acumen.

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Sophomore May Dance

On Friday night, May 3rd, when Spring itself takes over the college gymnasium, Miss Barbara Tomolonius of the Class of 1946 will be crowned Queen of the Sophomore May Dance. With the Misses Maureen Warner, Hester Hanley, Ann McCarthy, Elaine McDonough, Mary Lou Lenk, Mary Londergan, Elizabeth Army, and Patricia Sullivan as attractive attendants, Miss Tomolonius will reign over the year's most colorful dance.

The entire sophomore class, under the general direction of Social Chairman Barbara Looney, have been working diligently for many weeks to make this spring formal dance an outstanding success.

The Orchestra Committee, under the chairmanship of Pat Hehir, has engaged Mickey Sullivan's orchestra for that evening.

The Decorations Committee, with Norma Gardner and Mary Londergan as co-chairmen; the Dance Orders Committee, with co-chairmen, Eileen Bouvier and Jean Sullivan; the Throne Committee, under the direction of Mary Osborne; the Patrons Committee, with Mary Lou Lenk as chairman; and the Flowers Committee, under the direction of Virginia Dillon, have all worked to the best of their ability to present a beautiful, long-to-be-remembered dance.

Remember the date—Friday, May 3rd! If you miss this dance, you'll miss the best time of your life!

Contest Winner!

Note from the editor: Clara Saunders' story won the prize offered by the ACORN *in its last issue. Congratulations!*

Superman's Understudy

It's a bird—it's a plane—it's an atomic bomb—it's my hurried self dashing for a bus on Friday afternoon. With suitcase dripping a half-exposed pajama leg behind and bumping the back of my knees before, I swoop down upon the last remnants of the bus crowd just as the door is closing. With one desperate leap I gain the steps, ring the bell triumphantly with my dime, and collapse into the only remaining seat.

My heroic efforts are over—but no! My watch says five minutes of three, and my country bus leaves at three on the dot. As the bus creeps along Chandler Street, my last respectable finger nail is gnawed into oblivion, and the watch hands creep inexorably toward the fateful number three.

Will I make it? Will a providentially late country bus save me? Tune in tomorrow—but what am I saying, I must catch that bus today! My breath comes faster; I poise on the edge of my seat for the last mighty effort. The door opens, a veteran stumbles over by battered suitcase in his rush, and I am off and away.

Down Front Street I run. A fat lady in a red plush hat and green slacks is in my path. I detour around her into the street. Horns honk, brakes squeal, but I rush on. The suit case bangs into a gentleman with a derby and spats. I shout an apology at the blur of yellow necktie as I speed along my zig-zag route around the park benches and popcorn machines.

Success is in sight. My bus is poised on the corner of Salem Square. With one last spurt of speed I stagger across the street, the light changes green, and the but starts moving. But wait—the driver sees me coming. He stops! The door opens and I fall up the steps. Still on my knees and with my chin on the suit case, I look up and gasp, "One way to Charlton, please."

Superman? No, just a worn-out Sophomore on her way home for the weekend.

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Club News

Kappa Delta Pi to Initiate Six on May Fourth

On May 4, Gamma Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, national honor society in Education, will have its annual banquet in the school cafeteria.

Four members of the Junior class who will be initiated into the society are: the Misses E. Doris Skrivars, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric G. Skrivars of 5 Boardman St.; Grace Ann Keegan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Keegan of 19 Fifth Ave.; Elaine M. McDonough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. McDonough of 4 Holland Rd.; and Carol K. Ericson, daughter of Mrs. Karl E. Ericson of 23 Orne St.

The two seniors who were pledged last December will be initiated at this time. They are: Barbara Straw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley H. Straw of Marlboro; and Barbara Tomolonius, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kosti Tomolonius of 2 Englewood Ave.

French Club

The annual French Club banquet to be held May 13 at Putnam and Thurston's will culminate the year's activities.

Leo Charbonneau will be the incoming president, Doris Skrivars, Eileen Bouvier, and Edna Sansouci will go into their second term as vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, respectively. Louise Sellar will take up the duties of program chairman.

The Literary Club

The Literary Club is now planning a trip to the Wayside Inn on May 13 as a culminating activity for the year. The trip will be open to all students in the college who wish to go, and it is hoped that many will take advantage of the opportunity to visit this well-known literary site. Last year the cost of the trip was approximately three dollars, including transportation.

Newman Club

At the April meeting of the Newman Club, the culminating activities for this year were planned. Phyllis Rawding, Patricia Doyle, and Barbara Brosnan were named as official delegates to the annual Federation Conference which was held in Boston the weekend of April 26-28. Several other members of the club attended the meeting.

The final meeting of this year will take place on Sunday, May fifth, when all club members will assist at Mass at St. Stephen's Church. Following the Mass the members will enjoy breakfast at Cosgrove's.

Debating Club

After an exciting and successful season the Debating Club concluded its business meetings by electing for next year the following: Phyllis Rawding, President; Geraldine Kane, Vice-President; Rosemarie Biron, Secretary; Rosalind Scott, Treasurer.

S.T.C. Consistently Rates High in Testing Program

I have been asked to furnish the *Editor* with a brief statement as to the standing achieved by our students in the National College Freshman and Sophomore Testing Programs conducted annually under the auspices of the National Council on Education. It is a pleasure to comply.

For the past six years all of our freshman and sophomore classes have participated in this nation-wide program. The results for the present academic year are not yet available; hence, in the analysis presented herewith, the scores of the present freshman and sophomore classes are not included.

Previous to the academic year now closing, 43 examinations have been administered: 18 to each of six successive classes of sophomores and 25 to each of five successive classes of freshmen. Tests given annually to the freshmen include English, Contemporary Affairs, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, and Social Studies; those given to the sophomores include English, Contemporary Affairs, and General Culture. The former tests are administered to the freshmen shortly after the opening of the college year; the latter are administered to the sophomores shortly before the closing of the second year, one objective of the program being to appraise academic growth that has taken place over the first college years in the profoundly significant areas of facility in the understanding of the English language, absorption of the cultural background, and perceptual grasp of the social scene. This is the basal program of the National Council, and we have followed it strictly. Every student in both classes has been required to take all the tests, and every individual score has been included in our annual tabulation and study of results.

In 30 of the 43 examinations administered, our students have ranked above the national averages. It is interesting to note that every one of the 13 examinations in which they have fallen below national averages was a freshman examination. In no sophomore examination have our students ever failed to surpass the national sophomore mean. This is a decidedly healthy condition, for it indicates either that the first year in college operates to pull our students well above the national average, or else that the poorest material tends to drop out after the freshman year, thus enabling those who survive to reach a considerably higher mean in the sophomore tests. Of the two explanations, while both unquestionably apply, the latter is probably the more significant.

In the 13 tests in which the freshmen have failed to achieve the national averages, the mean inferiority is 2.2 points; in the other 12 tests, in which they have exceeded the norms for the country, the mean superiority is 4.87 points. While it is often poor statistical procedure to strike an average between two scores at either side of 0, it would seem in this case to be defensible, and that our freshman classes are hence superior on the whole to college freshmen throughout the country.

Of the 18 sophomore tests, our students have achieved the flattering mean superiority of 12.3 points over the national means. Summing algebraically the S T C means for all classes—Freshman and Sophomore—and for all examinations, a residual mean superiority of 7.1 points emerges for our students over and above the national college averages. Worcester S T C students are establishing an academic tradition which, if it can be maintained in the crowding classes of the post-war years that lie ahead, should prove to be a proud and distinctive one.

LAWRENCE A. AVERILL

Supermundane Sultan

Brahmed, Sultan of Bantamania, was a cocky fellow. He was cruel to his enemies but amiable to the members of his court. When the giant people invaded his dominions, the Sultan saw to it that his younger subjects were under his protective wing.

He was fond of his young friends, for they gave particular notice to his gaudy attire. Oh, yes, the Sultan was a very fancy dresser. In lieu of a crown ("They are so common!") he wore a ruby comb, and, although the only time he saw a horse was through a fence, he was exceptionally ostentatious of his spurs, which he kept razor-sharp. These were his sceptre-symbol of power over life and death. Many of the nobles of the court had felt the slice of the sharp spurs, for the Sultan was very jealous.

Brahmed had, as all good Sultans have, a large harem of the most beautiful females of the species. To the Sultana Henrietta the Eighth goes the distinction of having had more nobles beheaded on her account than did any of her seven predecessors or seventeen successors.

For instance, take the case of the Earl of Ruhster—sad case, indeed. The Earl was trying to persuade Henrietta to leave Brahmed, when the Mighty One appeared. Such a commotion! And did the feathers fly! Poor Henrietta voluntarily returned to roost in the harem, when she saw how furious her mate was. Alas, for the unfortunate Ruhster. The next Saturday noon he lost his head—and 'twasn't over Henrietta this time.

But soon the people became wary of the Sultan. They suspected all was not as it seemed. One day someone saw the Sultan prod a spur into an aged inhabitant of the yard, and soon after the Sultan was seized.

The execution was a mortifying experience for Brahmed—no pomp, no ceremony, not even the chief executioner. In fact, it was only Elmer Twortle, assistant hired-man on Jud Brown's farm, who put a not-too-sharp axe to the neck of Sultan Brahmed, ruler of the Bantams.

MARCELLA JEDRYZNSKI

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey

"Vive La Senior Class!"

Front row, left to right: Barbara Tomolonius, Eleanor Moosey, and Hester Hanley; second row: Ruth Tucker, Joan Smith, Winifred Rushford, Mr. Jones, faculty adviser, Alma Marshall, Mary Reeves, and Margaret Barsam; third row: Mary McDonnell and Claire Berthiaume; fourth row: Emmett Fink, Mary Foley, June Scott, Maureen Warner, Mary Connors, Evelyn Logan, Barbara Straw, and Robert O'Leary.

A Senior Says Good-bye . . . .

To classes during dreamy spring afternoons on the Alumni Steps. . . .
To frantic cramming before exams and relieved sighs after them. . . .
To planning and fretting over all those heavenly dances. . . .
To all those pros and cons about a dormitory. . . .
To the clouds of curling smoke and enlightening chatter in the lounge. . . .
To the mad rush to the cafeteria after Friday assembly. . . .
To the rigors and vigors of apprenticing. . . .
To inviting and well-appointed classrooms. . . .
To the omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent committees. . . .
To the beautiful view across May Street. . . .
To the spacious tennis court we hardly used. . . .
To the Veterans who came three years too late. . . .
To the soothing peace and studious quiet of the library. . . .
To the horrors of Physics for the mathematically inert. . . .
To the embryonic bus-shelter. . . .
To Eli's car. . . .
To Mores and Folkways and Ethnocentrism. . . .
To the Hockey field where we hooked our sticks. . . .
To noon-time strolls by the lazy pond. . . .
To Jack's Rendezvous. . . .
To informal teas and their easy articulation. . . .
To the sole mirror in the Girls' Locker room. . . .
To the long disillusioned queue in the cafeteria. . . .
To welcomed refreshments after club meetings. . . .
To the ever-changing bulletin board. . . .
To the conveniently-placed benches in the corridor. . . .
To North Conway ski trips. . . .
To popular ping-pong tournaments. . . .
To unpopular research papers. . . .
and Hello! . . .
To the Massachusetts School Register.
and our opportunity for a Date with Destiny!

Portrait of a Graduate of W. S. T. C.

(With apologies to William S. Gilbert)

I am the very model of a creature pedagogical;
I'm well informed on latest trends in things methodological.
I have the proper balance 'twixt the modern and traditional,
In proper terminology, referred to as transitional.
I do my best to bring about intrinsic motivation,
And plan all my activities to make for correlation.
To facilitate real learning I provide for integration
And try to give my students each an all-round education.
I have a wealth of knowledge on the process psychological,
And do not stop with matters that are strictly biological.
The inference you make from this can only be the logical
I am the very model of a creature pedagogical.

DORIS E. SKRIVARS, '47

Review of 1945-46

(Continued from Page 2)

tensive collection; Mrs. Martha Lahiff, "Best Sellers"; and, to climax our year, Mrs. Mildred Buchanan Flagg, "Headliners in the Headlines". Mrs. Flagg came to us on High School Day, and her interesing personality along with her fascinating and humorous experiences, which she related to our very evident enjoyment, made it a day long to be remembered.

The committee brings its work to a close with some regret because it has been lots of fun as well as work. We have one more surprise for you before the end of the year. The members of this very faithful committee are: Alma Marshall, Winifred Rushford, Doris Skrivars, Edith Smith, Edna Sansoucie, Clara Saunders, Nancy Curley, Geraldine Wolcott, Miss Scribner, Miss Barlow, Miss Stafford, Dr. Averill, and Miss McKelligett.

We wish to express to Carol Ericson our appreciation of her faithfulness as "liaison officer" with the press.

And now, *Ave atque vale!* We hope that you have enjoyed these programs half as much as we have enjoyed planning them for you.

MARGUERITE C. MCKELLIGETT

Diary of Drusilla

Monday: Woke up remembering all the homework planned for the weekend still undone. Was tempted to roll over and go back to those pleasant dreams, but stern reality forced me up instead. Got to the library early and spent the next half hour congratulating self on the achievement.

Tuesday: Had horrible experience. Found note from self on desk saying History exam today. Had not studied so much as required. Tried to find notes, but had left them at home. Arrived at class to find everything calm. Test next week.

Wednesday: Spent gym period vainly trying to hit small white bird. Am a great bird lover, as my best friends were told, and could not make myself hit it too hard. Also the racket hit my double more than the bird. Caused some commotion. Decided to play singles. Ended seated on the floor on top of bird. Miss S. says they are scarce. Made resolutions to be more ladylike hereafter.

Thursday: Am worried. Sophomore dance approaching. One man has car, but can't dance. Other can dance, but car in precarious condition of health. Which to ask. Thought of asking both, but decided that would not pass approval of social committee.

Friday: Raining. Pictures to be taken of ACORN staff. Miserable self looking like a raveled rope end with no bandana. Comfort myself with the thought that genius always looks picturesque. Hopefully think that everyone will know that. Dash home to find no mail waiting. Ah—life!

We Are Reporting

A dignified senior in her academic robes was studying in the music room when a group of May Street embryonic intellectuals trouped up to the window and, with noses flattened against the pane, surveyed this unusual personage. Finally, one youngster turned and inquired of her classmate, "Is she going to be a teacher?" "Of course not," another replied, vehemently. "Can't you see? She's going to be a priest!"

The senior class has always attracted attention and comment on its walks during gym period, but the latest remark is a gem. The girls had stopped for refreshments at the corner drug store when a smiling old woman approached them and innocently asked, "Pardon me, but is this a butter line?"